

Complete songbook
from Binder 10

Title: Unknown

Author/compiler unknown

Branch of Service: U.S. Air Force

Unit: 38th (Tactical Fighter Squadron?)

Source: Getz Collection

Notes: Contains 8 photocopied pages
Sung by 405th - Green Dragon Squadron

^{following}
The ~~following~~ songs were sung by members of the 405th--The
Green Dragon Squadron. Most were sung by members of the other
squadrons of the 38th.

THE 38TH LAMENT

The 38th's been in New Guinea too long,
We're thirsty as hell for a drink.
For the want of a woman we're all going nuts,
Oh Shanty, please say what you think.

Now there's snakes in the jungle and bugs in our bed,
Mosquitos have seven inch prongs.
The rain falls in buckets, mud's up to our ass,
Oh Shanty, we've been here too long.

We've been over Buna, ^{we} We've been over Lae,
And we've been out to sea after ships.
We've been over Wewak and Vunakanau,
Oh Shanty, it gives us the shits.

The aeroplanes they stink and the pilots all drink,
And the ^N"Naveys" don't know where we are.
The ^bBombardiers can't hit a bucket of shit,
Oh Shanty please send us afar.

Now Shanty's our leader and this you all say,
He's as Irish as a banshee's wail.
But take it from us, the truth of it's just,
He's half Scotch and half Gingerale.

THE GREEN DRAGON ANTHEM

(Sung to the tune of "As The Casissons Go Rolling Along")

CHORUS: For it's Hi-Hi-He, A merry band are we,
And you'll never see another of our kind.
For where'ere you go, you will always know,
That the Dragons are buzzing along.

Off we go, to meet the foe
Flying fast and flying low
As the Dragons go buzzing along.

Then we bomb far from home
The Japs have lost another drome
As the dragons go buzzing along.

(CHORUS)

On the trees, we're at ease
Over land or over seas
As the Dragons go buzzing along.

Ack Ack here, Ack Ack there
Blast those Zeros from the air
As the Dragons go buzzing along.

(CHORUS)

Down past Lae and Hansa Bay
Just another strafing day
As the Dragons go buzzing along.

There they are, at our feet
 Watch those yellow sons retreat
 As the Dragons go buzzing along
 (CHORUS)

HARDSHIPS

CHORUS: Hardships, you bastard, you don't know what hardships
 what hardships are!

Off to Guinea we did go, to fight the shits from
 Tokyo.

(CHORUS)

Seventy-four hundred miles of drink, how our under-
 pants did stink.

(CHORUS)

We slept with bugs and we slept with snakes, we all
 came down with fever shakes.

(CHORUS)

We ate Camp Pie and Bully Beef, and gave our belts
 another reef.

(CHORUS)

Tojo called most every night, with greeting cards of
 dynamite.

(CHORUS)

They looped and stalled and rolled around, and shot
 our planes upon the ground.

(CHORUS)

G.H.Q. said go bomb Lae, with fragmentary bombs
one day.

(CHORUS)

Ack Ack here and Ack Ack there, the fucking Zeros
filled the air.

(CHORUS)

Back from Buna, through the ^pPass, our parachutes
sucked up our ass.

(CHORUS)

When we got back we always found, our top soldier
on the ground.

(CHORUS)

Off we go to old Rabaul, that damned place
is bound to fall.

(CHORUS)

Then off we go to old Wewak, it's 2 to 1 we
don't come back.

(CHORUS)

Month on month of all this shit, the C.O. said we
could leave a bit.

(CHORUS)

When we got down to old Brisbane, we heard the P.D.
boys complain.

(CHORUS)

^{Gucks}
Six ~~back~~ a day with regular pay, and the Japs
two thousand miles away.

(CHORUS)

When we get to American shores, the P.D. boys
will be there before.

Shouting Hardshps--hardshps you bastards,
You don't know what Hardships are.

^{'em}
BLESS THEM ALL

There's a Mitchell that's leaving Moresby,
Bound for New Britain shores.
Heavily laden with terrified Yanks,
Bound for the land they abhor.

The pilot's a Second Louie,
He never expects more.
There'll be no promotions, this side of the ocean,
So cheer up me lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Fuck all the Zeros that press the attack,
Bless all the Zeros that never get back.

So we're saying goodbye to them all,
To Kenney and Whitehead and Mac.
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean,
So cheer up My lads, we'll get back.

SYDNEY LEAVE

There once was a pilot to Sydney did stroll,
He'd just gotten back from a raid on Rabaul.
When an old M.P. Sergeant said "Pardon me please.
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your sleeve."

"Why Sergeant your bastard, you bloody damn fool,
I've just gotten back from a place called Rabaul.
Where the Ack Ack is flying and comforts are few,
And brave men are dying for bastards like you."

Then the old M.P. Sergeant said, "Pardon me sir,
On you, Lieutenant, I intended no slur.
But the girls here in Sydney are damn hard to please,
With blood on your tunic and mud on your sleeve."

"Now listen here Sergeant, your bloody damned fool,
The girls will all know I've just came from Rabaul.
I'll wine them and dine them and then we will go,
Out to my flat where I'll tell them my woes."

And so the Lieutenant found him a girl,
He wined her and dined her and gave her a twirl.
Then out to his flat where he told her his woes,
And she felt so sorry she couldn't say no.

T'was nine months later the girl had a son.
She wrote her pilot--Oh, what's to be done.
With this fair baby that you gave to me,
Who just sits around and wets on my knee?

The pilot wrote back with this sad advice,
 The baby's not mine but it sure would be nice,
 If he'd be a pilot, but he'd be a fool
 If the bloody young bastard e'er went o'er Rabaul.

O'REILLY'S BAR

CHORUS: Fiddle Le I ee, Fiddle Le I O, Fiddle Le I ee,
 for the one ball Reilly. Rig a dig dig, balls and all,
 Rub a dub dub ^AShag on.

As I was sittin' in O'Reilly's bar,
 Listenin' to the tales of blood and slaughter.
 Suddenly a thought came to my mind,
 Whyn't I shag O'Reilly's daughter.

(CHORUS)

I grabbed that she bitch by the tits,
 Then I threw my left leg over.
 Shagged and shagged and shagged somemore,
 Shagged until the fun was over.

(CHORUS)

There came a knock upon the door,
 Who should it be but her Goddam father.
 Two horse pistols by his side,
 Lookin' for the guy who shagged his daughter.

(CHORUS)

I grabbed that bastard by the balls,
 Shoved his head in a pail of water.

Rammed those pistols up his ass,
A damn sight farther than I shagged his daughter.

(CHORUS)

As I go walkin' down the street,
The people shout from every corner.
There's that no good son of a bitch,
The guy who shagged O'Reilly's Daughter.

(CHORUS)

COLD WINTERS EVENING

T'was a cold winter's evening and the guests were all leaving,
O'Reilly was closing the bar.

When he turned 'round and said to the lady in red,

"Go home, you can't stay where you are."

She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer,

As she thought of the cold night ahead.

When out of the "crapper" stepped a bombardier dapper,,

And these are the words that he said:

"Her Mother never told her the things a young girl should know.

About the ways of Air Corps men and how they come and go.

She's lost her youth and beauty and life has dealt her a jar.

So think of your Mothers and Sisters boys--

and let her sleep under the bar--if there is room."

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